

Vol 2
#6



SHE: "Oh, Mr. Bentley, you are such a good French scholar, can you tell me, what is a faux pas?"
HE: "A faux pas, my dear Miss Blanche, is never a pas seul."



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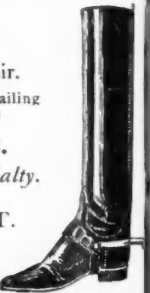
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a pleasant, palatable drink it is unquestionably preferable to others.—London Court Circular.

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MRS. WAIN (at small dinner party): "Really, I don't care what my husband does, so long as I don't know anything about it."
MR. WAIN (meaningly): "Neither do I."

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A PASTEL IN PROSE

IN the woods the artist stopped and looked about. He drank in the surrounding beauty as eagerly as one who had just left the city's impurity would breathe in mountain air.

One need not have been an artist to have appreciated the exquisite delicacy of the bit of nature upon which he was feasting. He was standing beside an excited little brook whose purposeless hurry was as charming in its naïve simplicity as a child's or a lover's. Wooded hills rose sharply on either side. The whole valley, three or four feet in width, was entirely under the capricious domination of the brook.

The trees on the hills were old, but were rich in foliage. They paid each other grave respect, and between all were courteous intervals. Through these streamed the golden sunbeams, to rest on the soft green moss that the trees had lain at their feet that their leaves might die a gentle death. Here and there were great bare boulders, but even these seemed softened by the surrounding gentleness of beauty, although the brook seemed most intensely irritated by such as lay in her path.

A fallen elm made a natural bridge across the glen, beautiful and treacherous. The air was full of the sounds of the hastening water. No other sound was heard. The artist looked fondly about. His was not the enthusiasm of first acquaintance, but the love that has recollections. Fondly he noted every old landmark, every bit of color, every play of light. Nowhere else could he find nature

in so gentle, so softly happy a mood. In its beauty were suggestions of everything. A touch of grandeur here, this noble tree standing so proudly erect; a touch of pathos there, where its fallen comrade lies; and an inexhaustible supply of humor in that scrambling brook.

The artist rested against a tree, and the blue-gray smoke gently arose from his pipe and wrapped in its clinging caress the leaves that took its fancy.

He was thinking of his last visit here. "We came here and I begged that I might put her in my picture. She consented, and soon it was done. But she was the picture. This beauty was a mere background. She had taken possession of the canvas and all else was secondary to her there.

"And so it was in my life! She was all. She had come. Naught else was of consequence.

"We never met again. Three long years ago. Ah, I wonder did she care a little? Has she quite forgotten that day?

"Ah, well, at least I see the picture everywhere. Still, I wish it was something other than cigarettes that it advertised." L. Brewer.

WHEN I GET TIME

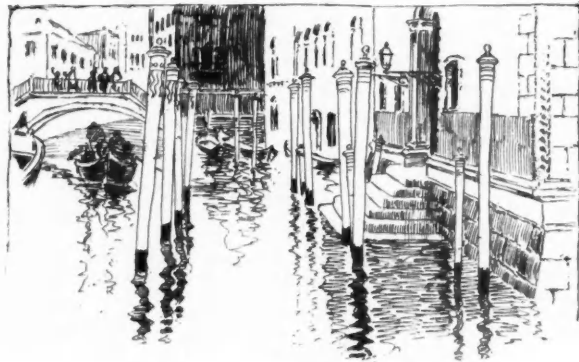
When I get time—
I know what I shall do:
I'll cut the leaves of all my books,
And read them through and through.

When I get time—
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I have no time. Tom Masson.





ANSWERED

HE (thoughtfully): "When a man marries twice, which wife does he take when he gets to heaven?"
SHE (who loves him, dreamily): "Neither. A man who marries twice doesn't go to heaven."



“FOUND WANTING”

Jeanne d'Arc lacked an education ;
Pompadour lacked depth of mind ;
Maintenon lacked toleration ;
Esther might have been more kind.

Hebrew Sarah lacked humaneness ;
Good Octavia wanted wit ;
Greek Xantippe lacked urbaneness ;
Eliot wasn't chic a bit.

Cleopatra lacked humility ;
Ruth was minus worldly wealth ;
Bess of England lacked civility ;
Saint Theresa lacked in health.

Aspasia lacked in social station ;
Paula lacked in style and fashion ;
De Stael lacked domestication ;
Phryne didn't lack in passion ;—

Marie's perfect, but, you see,
Lacks, in toto, love for me.

J. Edmund V. Cooke.

NOTHING SECOND-HAND

MR. FLIRTLEIGH : “ May I kiss you ? ”

MISS DE MUIR : “ No you may not.”

MR. FLIRTLEIGH : “ Will you let me kiss you
for your sister ? ”

MISS DE MUIR : “ I might, if you had not
been kissing my sister for me.”

A LONGER WAY BACK

PROCTOR : “ Well, it's only a step from the
sublime to the ridiculous.”

LENOX : “ Ah ! if it were only a step back
again.”

RELIABLE

“ Do you know of a good fortune-teller ? ”

“ Yes. Bradstreet or Dun.”

PLEASANTLY PRECISE

MINNIE : “ Did he kiss you when he pro-
posed ? ”

MAY : “ Certainly ; I wouldn't consider any but
sealed proposals.”

NEVER MIND THE AGE

MR. TOTTERLY : “ Could you marry a very
old man with a good deal of money, if he told you
frankly how old he was and how much he was
worth ? ”

MISS TIMELY : “ How much is he worth ? ”

THE OLD TROUBLE

FIRST DRESS SUIT : “ Which are you, a waiter
or a gentleman ? ”

SECOND DRESS SUIT (haughtily) : “ Sir, I en-
deavor to be both.”



I

I Look into your eyes, my dear,
And there with joy behold
The inmost visions of my soul
In beauteous form unrolled.

II

The halo of the story-land,
The charm of Southern skies
Blended with stately palaces,
Find mirror in your eyes.

III

Now Desdemona speaks thro' you
With fair face dimly wet;
Then, like a poem, flits across,
The love-winged Juliet.

IV

Yet as I gaze, a sudden change,
Alas! my heart, 'tis true!—
Reveals to my awed glance the form
Of Katharine the shrew.

V

She storms about a little space
With temper in a blaze,
And you, alas for me, assist
In her refractory ways.



VI

Yet such a wondrous thing you are,
My dear, thro' all your whims,
That now the god-like Portia's face
Across my vision swims.

VII

Then—oh! what strange surprise you keep
For lover's watchful glance—
I see within those spheres of light
Fair Loie Fuller dance!

VIII

She spins and turns, and turning spins,
And space and height are toys;
She seems to rule the very air
In whirling equipoise!

IX

And then—Oh, torment unendured
By Job in all his woes—
Within your crystal depths a thing
Of fearful import grows.

X

It grows until it rules those orbs
Where love's own goddess sat;
A very fiend it seems to be—
Crowned with a woman's hat.



XI

Alack, that you should prove so frail—
So frail, my loved one's eye;
You struggle fiercely with your foe—
You cannot reach so high!

XII

The dream is shattered; nevermore
Shall you these portals pass:
I'll give you to my loving wife—
My weak-lensed opera-glass!

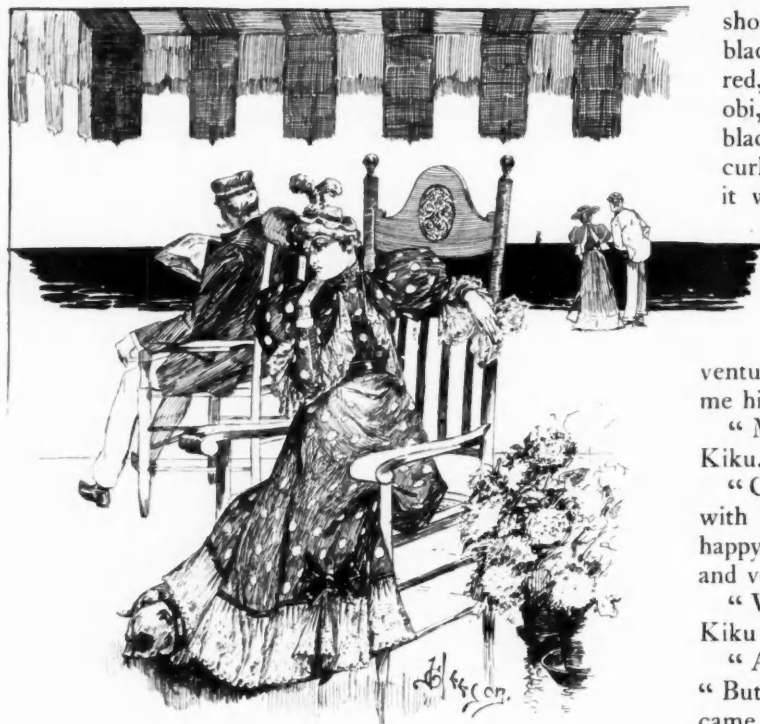
J. Jerome Rooney.



A CASE OF TISM



A CASE OF ...



MADEMOISELLE KIKU

"MR. Leonard Mayburn, Mademoiselle Kiku."

The speaker was a gray-haired, gray-bearded artist, who stood by the side of his easel, with a palette of brilliant pigments on his left thumb and his brush in his hand.

Mlle. Kiku sat in shadow on a divan, under a broad unshaded window, through which the north light streamed over Mr. Melton Bowers and his picture of a Japanese festival, with its great bronze Buddha in the middle distance, its bright groups of worshipers just emerging from the chrysalis of prayer into the butterfly state of pleasure, its acrobats on stilts and, in the foreground, its gay pretty girls dancing to the glory of their own charms and the Dai Butsu.

Mlle. Kiku smiled, showed her white, mouse-like teeth between her soft red lips, rose a little and made an inclination of her lithe, loosely robed body, which was half a Japanese salaam and half a French bow.

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Mayburn," she said, in a hesitating, soft way, but in almost perfect English.

"Mlle. Kiku speaks English as well as we do," said Melton Bowers, looking at the young girl in a kind, paternal manner.

Melton's white cat, which had been playing about the studio, jumped into Mlle. Kiku's lap at this moment. She received it kindly. Her small brown hand made a dark note on the little French beast's white fur, and it occurred to me that I

should like to paint her myself—blue-black hair, olive skin, soft sweet face, red, blue-flowered kimono, metallic green obi, white slender ankles in the queer black shoes of Japan, and the white cat curled up on her knees and gazing before it with deep, weird, contented eyes.

I wondered if Melton would lend his model to me for a few days. Being an impressionist I do not require much time to express my ideas on canvas. I ventured to ask my friend if he would spare me his model for a week or so.

"Mr. Mayburn wishes to paint you, Kiku. Are you willing to pose for him?"

"Certainly," replied the pretty Japanese, with a polite bow. "I shall be only too happy." She prolonged all her syllables and vowels.

"Where did you learn English, Mlle. Kiku?" I inquired.

"At Kioto," replied the young girl. "But I have had some practice here. I came to Paris with the Exposition and when the Exposition was over I remained, because I wished to see more of Paris."

"Mlle. Kiku speaks French as well as she does English, and what she doesn't know about Japanese ceramics and curios isn't worth knowing," said Bowers.

"Mr. Bowers is too kind," said the Japanese girl, quaintly. "It is but natural I should know a little about such things since I came from Kioto to sell goods at the Exposition."

"Where did you find that pretty Japanese model?" I inquired of Bowers the next day, when I went to his studio to see if he would lend me his cat, either for love or money.

"I made Mlle. Kiku's acquaintance in a legitimate and proper manner at the Exposition, where I was presented to her by an artist I have known for years—François Bouloutin—do you know him?"

"I do—met him at Giverny-le-Bois. Man who paints still life and Japanese things," I replied, as I lighted a cigarette.

"Mlle. Kiku is a sharp little business woman," continued Melton, "and as the Exposition was drawing to a close and she did not wish to return at once to Japan, she formed the plan of posing for the artists of Paris, who just at present are Japanese-mad. Kiku has posed for many of the great men and a few among the small fry. Mlle. Kiku is the nicest girl I ever knew. She is the daughter of a Samurai in reduced circumstances, as well educated in languages as a European and as shrewd and self-possessed as an American. It's a pity some fellow wouldn't marry her and take her to New York. She'd be a great success in society."

Clearly, the "old man" as we younger ones

called Melton, was hard hit. He blushed to the eyes when I said, "Miss Kiku is certainly a very lovely girl and I want to do her justice. By the way, Bowers, will you lend me your white Angora for my sketch?"

Now this white Angora cat was the apple of Melton Bowers's eye. Many men had endeavored to borrow or hire this beautiful beast for pictorial purposes, for Angoras are not as plenty at Paris as they once were. Bowers had never been known to let that cat go out of his studio. It was my compliment to Mlle. Kiku's charms that got me the loan of this fairy-like creature. I assured Bowers that Mlle. Kiku's portrait would be incomplete without the presence of Agathe, as the fair feline was named. It would lack cachet, as it were. The result of my flattery was the packing of Agathe in a hamper among her own blankets and a commissionaire was sent for who received instructions to carry the petted darling carefully in order that she might not be made ill by the motion of her sedan chair.

The day appointed for Mlle. Kiku's sitting arrived. A heavy snowstorm had set in and the large flakes fell thick and fast about the gray towers of St. Sulpice and the marble celebrities of

the time of the Great Louis who adorn the Place in front of it. Paris in the soft, thick, silent snow is Paris in its most dramatic and suggestive aspect. Such was my thought as I stood at the window of my studio and looked out upon the dark silhouette of architecture softened by the falling snow. I saw a short figure in a long brown capuchin cloak coming around the corner. There was a gleam of red at the bottom of the skirt which enabled me to recognize the Japanese girl. I went to the street door to meet her. As she threw back her hood and opened her cloak, the olive skin, blue-black hair and red kimono came into evidence against the background of dusky statues and towers and swift, noiseless snowfall.

An idea shot through my brain. "La Cigale Japonaise"! What a title for a Salon picture! Clearly Mlle. Kiku represented a gold mine of pictorial production. I already valued her at several thousand dollars. Japonaiserie is always salable at Paris and New York, and it is no easy matter to obtain the services of a Japanese model. And such a model! Such a golden-skinned, red-lipped, dark-eyed, gracious, charming, intelligent model! I was simply head over ears in love with Mlle. Kiku. Now if I could only get rid of Mel-



I Had loved her to distraction
 Ever since I saw her face;
 Every movement, every action
 Of her life was full of grace.
 She was very fair in features,
 She was pure in heart and mind,
 And the loveliest of creatures
 That a bachelor could find.

Yet the day I popped the question
 I was filled with doubts and fears,
 So adopted the suggestion
 Which in newspapers appears.
 "Will you, will you be my Sister?"
 I began, "and cheer my life?"
 But she answered, as I kissed her,
 "No—I'd rather be your Wife!"

ton Bowers and keep his model all to myself! There'd be money in her. I went to work to win the friendship of Mlle. Kiku and I soon flattered myself that I had succeeded. I posed her in various positions on the platform, with Agathe glaring fiercely at me as she curled herself up on the soft folds of the kimono.

"If you will allow me to make a suggestion," said Mlle. Kiku, in her polite way, "I think you would do well to make a background of chrysanthemums, for my name in Japanese signifies the chrysanthemum, and that is our national flower."

I adopted Mlle. Kiku's suggestion, and before the next sitting the flower shops of the neighborhood had provided me with masses of the Japanese blossom. I worked with eager haste, for the Angora must needs go back on time. I soon got rid of that delicate piece of feline flesh, and very thankful I was. She required as much care as a princess of the blood royal. Mlle. Kiku gave a few more sittings to Bowers and then devoted herself to me. Whether it was personal liking or merely the instinct of the Cigale that seeks shelter from the storm, Kiku soon passed most of her time in my studio, even when she was not posing. I loved to see her fluttering about like a butterfly, now inspecting a piece of Japanese porcelain and gravely descanting on its merits or defects, now giving a graceful touch to the studio draperies. It was pleasant to have her make tea for our midday meal and arrange the table with the dainty viands of the Paris *épicer* shops. And, oh, what a delicious foretaste of matrimony there was in sitting opposite her at the same table, ministering to her bird-like wants and listening to the pretty laughing chatter that issued in French, English and Japanese from her cherry-tinted lips.

Kiku was no ordinary parrot saleswoman trained merely to lure Europeans to spend money in curios. She was solidly educated, after the Japanese manner, as thoroughbred as a duchess is supposed to be and had the financial shrewdness of a Parisian. I began to feel that I should like to marry into Japanese society, and I wondered what my people at home would say if I should.

Melton Bowers was furious at the intimacy which existed between Kiku and myself. He came to see me one day in a towering rage.

"What do you mean to do?" he inquired, brusquely. "Do you mean to marry Kiku?"

I was somewhat taken aback by the suddenness of this interrogation. Was Bowers acting in loco parentis to the fair Japanese or was he indignant that I was poaching on his preserves?

"I can't very well marry her until I know whether she'll have me or not, can I?" I inquired meekly.

"I only want to warn you not to trifle with Kiku, Mayburn. She's too nice a girl for that

sort of thing and she may take your flatteries too seriously."

Could it be that she loved me—the Japanese Cigale who was posing so deliciously in a sky-blue *crêpe* kimono, with wild cherry blossoms embroidered on it, with her blue-black hair wreathed with the same pale pink-white blooms—a sort of Japanese mandolin (I forget the name of it), in her hand—her sweet eyes gazing straight before her, with the pathos of the belated, frightened summer insect in them, chirping among the snows of the Place St. Sulpice? What an enchanting little Japanese Cigale it was, singing its plaintive tender song of the Oriental summer in the depths of the Paris winter!

My imagination fired at the thought of my picture and the double thrill of love and of creative impulse shot through me. I got rid of Melton Bowers as soon as I could and gave myself up to a celestial reverie of the Buddhistic-Nirvana order, in which the glorified figure of Kiku occupied the middle of the composition.

Whither were we drifting—the charming saleswoman of the Paris Exposition—the Daughter of the Samurai of Japan in reduced circumstances, and myself? Drifting away on a Japanese lake among the tangled lotus flowers, away to the kingdom of love à la Japonaise, where the wistaria hangs like a purple tapestry over the gold fish ponds and the plum trees flower rosy about the gray old temples. Oh, Kiku, thou sweet chrysanthemum of Japan, might I gather and wear thee on this breast, how happy were my lot!

I awoke from my Buddhistic-Japanese ecstasy to a stern sense of American realities. I wondered how the governor would take the marriage. As for the mater, she would probably raise no end of a row. Japanese daughters-in-law were generally docile, and that's something gained.

I pondered long over the paternal warning given me by Bowers, and the next time Kiku came to pose I asked her if Bowers had offered himself to her. The girl glanced at me coquettishly, smiled and looked down.

"You cannot expect me to betray the confidence of ce bon Monsieur Bowers," said she. "Mais, enfin," she shrugged her slender shoulders. "I will tell you. I was obliged to say to Mr. Bowers that I could only show to him the respect and affection that a Japanese girl always bestows upon her father."

How furious poor old Bowers must have been at such a sly slap? Evidently, this Japanese girl was an artful minx. That did not alter the fact that, day by day, I became more and more interested in her. She seemed to be entirely unconscious that a wave of her small brown hand or the quiver of her long eyelashes could set my heart beating furiously. Her coquetry showed the art that conceals art. At one moment she repelled me



IN THE FAMILY HOMESTEAD

MR. VAN CLIVE: "Do you know, I've wanted that lovely old chair of yours ever since I first saw it?"
MAHEL (demurely): "The furniture and I go together."
MR. VAN CLIVE: "Oh, in that case I'll call to-morrow with a carriage and express wagon."
POLLY: "Ah, but she didn't say they went to the first bidder."

so that it was impossible for me to broach the subject which lay nearest my heart, and, at the next, her sweet, confiding ways lured me to unbosom myself.

I could not, however, conscientiously say that I made much progress with my wooing. In the meantime I finished the *Cigale Japonaise* and sent it to the Salon, where it was accepted and, moreover, was soon sold to an American and highly spoken of in the French newspapers.

Kiku became even more popular as a model, so that engagements for the summer sketching places were offered her on every hand. Half a dozen artists wished to paint her out-of-doors. I was one of the number, and she gave me a preference, which resulted in our finding ourselves seated under a hedge of sweet-smelling hawthorn, in the outskirts of a painter's settlement not far from Paris. I had two heads of her started, one under a Japanese umbrella, with the face in shadow, the other in sunlight, with a cloud of white butterflies fluttering about her hair, against a background of fresh greenery and blue sky. We were having a nice, comfortable, cosy time. The odors of the country were delicious. The small children of France, in their blue pinafores, came to look at us occasionally. One of them presented Kiku with a large bunch of yellow kingcups and received the little sou of France in token of gratitude. The Butterfly Girl was going to be a great success. Clearly, Kiku had brought me good luck. I felt that, on the whole, I could afford to marry a Japanese. And, as for her being a model, many artists married their models. I knew, of course, that I should have trouble with my family on the subject, but as I was self-supporting that did not offer any practical objection. Kiku I knew to be a half-orphan, so that there was no danger of a Japanese mother-in-law for me. I determined to take the plunge. The odor of the hawthorn will always be associated in my mind with the moment when I glanced from my canvas to my dainty model, who sat toying with a white Japanese fan, and asked her to be my wife. She looked me full in the face. There was a gleam of triumph in her dark eyes.

She took up her fan and tapped me on the head with it, for by this time I was kneeling at her feet. The children of France were pursuing their innocent amusements in the neighboring pasture and there were no witnesses to my amorous declaration. Kiku unfurled her fan. It was painted in large white lotus leaves and flowers. On one of the broad beautiful leaf-impressions was applied a Japanese *Cigale*, or grasshopper, made of straw-colored silk—a perfect and exquisite thing with all the art of Japan epitomized in it.

"Do you see that *Cigale*, mon ami?" she said, placing her taper index finger under the silken insect with its threadlike antennæ and legs. "I am like the *Cigale* of Japan. I light by preference on the lotus leaf. I am already engaged to

one of my countrymen. He came from Japan to the Exposition with an exhibit. He returned to Japan after the Exposition while I remained at Paris. He is going to open an establishment for the sale of curios at New York. He is now at San Francisco on his way to New York, where I am to join him next month. I shall sail in two weeks, so you must finish your picture very soon, if you wish me to pose for you."

The earth seemed to stop short in its orbit. The sweet bird-notes jarred discordantly, the sunlight grew dim, the perfumed grass turned to rankness. I was refused—gently and gracefully refused, but still refused.

A week later I was on my way to Japan, for, thanks to the success of the Japanese pictures, inspired by Kiku's sweet and intelligent presence, I was enabled to realize the dream of every Parisianized painter of to-day—*le Japon!*

"Sayonara! Farewell, charming Kiku," I said to myself, as I steamed away. "Farewell, thou *Cigale*, resting on the lotus of Japan! May thy little *Cigales* never know croup or measles—nor the other infantile maladies of America! May thy lotus-husband make plenty cash to adorn thy beauteous person, and in the language of an inscription on a Japanese vase 'may thy life be as free from human care as the chrysanthemum!'"

Charlotte Adams.



AN OBEDIENT CHILD

HE: "Do you love me?"
SHE (in perfect training): "I don't know; ask papa."



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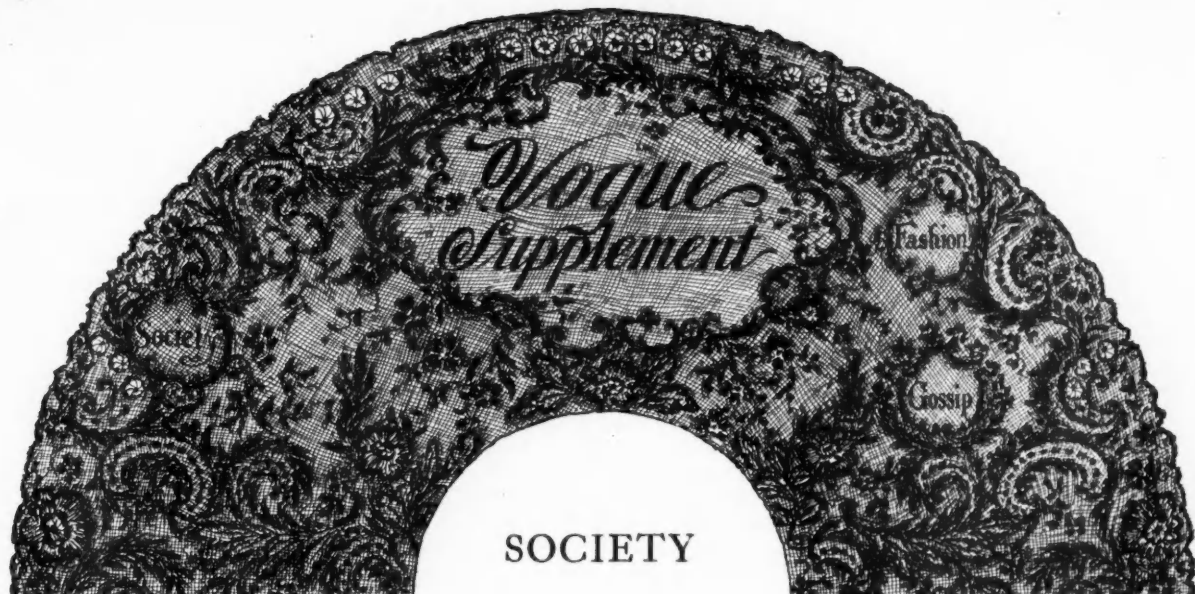


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The financial condition of the country is grave and the scarcity of money and the prevalence of hard times everywhere may appear to be the absorbing interest in life, and wealth and the luxuries pertaining thereto to have entirely vanished. At least, that is what we are given to understand from what we read and hear. However, there is another side to the picture and a very brilliant one, too. The number of multi-millionaires has increased to such an enormous extent within the last few years that, let come what will, society as represented by the smart set, which goes without saying is a rich set, reckes little of the straightened circumstances of nowadays.

Up at Bar Harbor one would scarcely realize that the country is anything but on the top wave of prosperity. The place was never more beautiful nor more attractive than this summer. It is almost a trite saying that the air of Mount Desert is like champagne, but the curious crisp sparkle and the exhilarating effect seem, as one man says, as though they were a new imported brand, a trifle more bruit than in former years.

Newporters may say there is more going on at Newport, but whenever there is a vacancy in the ranks it is commonly found that the missing he or she has gone to Bar Harbor "just for a few days." Mr. and Mrs. Jack Astor have taken a very delightful party up to Mount Desert on their beautiful yacht *The Nourmahal*. While they were there they were quite the guests of honor of the place, and they in turn entertained lavishly on their yacht. Miss Grace Wilson, Miss Blight, Mr. Centre Hitchcock, Mr. Lispenard Stewart and Mr. Charles Sands were among their guests. Miss Blight, who has already been quite a belle at Newport, was a great belle at Bar Harbor, even among the pretty women who abound there. She is the daughter of Mrs. Atherton Blight and is certainly a very beautiful woman. The different members of the Foreign Legations are all at their respective haunts this season and the picnic given last week by Mavroyeni Bey and Frederick Diodati Thompson was quite as successful as any of those they gave last year. The luncheon was on Calf's

Island, a most delightful situation for any affair of the kind. The Marquis Imperiali, Baron Fava, the Marquis Rudini, M. Souza Rousa, Mr. Fearing, Mr. Frederick Gebhard and Captain Beaumont, who was such a favorite in New York last winter, Mr. Lispenard Stewart and Mr. Charles Sands made quite a number of men to be present at any summer entertainment.

Next week Bar Harbor is to have a tennis tournament and on the fifteenth of August the Gymkhana races are to be held. These races are always looked forward to as one of the events of the season. Besides the larger entertainments there are no end of smaller affairs—picnics, yachting and driving parties as well as the usual number of luncheons, dinners and suppers.

The line between "hotellers" and cottagers is very strongly drawn this year. There used to be a distinction between the "mealers" and "roomers," but it was as naught to what now exists. The gulf seems to be almost impassable, and the unfortunate "would-be's" who have gone to Bar Harbor in the hope of thus securing an entrée next winter will sadly fail in their endeavors.

The officers of the Russian fleet have cast the light (?) of their bearded countenances on Newport and caused quite a ripple of excitement. Upon foreigners this summer has been laid the task of brightening the summer resorts. The Indian Princes with long and unpronounceable names and many and varied titles, have been extremely interesting, the delightful uncertainty as to what they might do or say adding considerably to the keen zest of seeing and of hearing them talk. But they stayed, these Indian potentates, so short a time that little was done for them, the Russians, after all, proving much more sociable. The Russian Grand Duke, who has been here for some time, is thoroughly well known personally to almost everyone who goes out at all. About two years ago a remark was current that one of our society women who had been all over the world and had always received perhaps more than her share of attention, had said that no woman knew what love was until she had been loved by a Russian. As yet, however, no

matrimonial engagements have been announced since the advent of the Russian fleet, so it would seem that the men have not fallen victims to the charms of our American women or vice versa.

It is amusing in the extreme to read and to be told with bated breath that the cotillon to be given by Mrs. I. Townsend Burden is to present the wonderful feature of favors bought in Paris and brought over by Mrs. Burden herself. It must be people who are quite outside the social pale who imagine that fashionable women take no trouble about the entertainments they give. As a matter of fact, no woman ever gives a dinner or cotillon without exercising her individual taste. The fact of Mrs. Burden choosing the favors is not remarkable. The affair promises to be a great success, and by the middle of this month there is sure to be enough men present to make the thing go.

Every one is talking of the number of pretty women at Newport this summer. Mrs. Fernando Yznaga and Mrs. Duncan Elliot are quite as much admired and their beauty is quite as striking as in the days when, as Miss Mabel Wright and Miss Sallie Hargous, they were the belles at every place.

It seems early to talk of the autumn weddings, but as there are several notable ones to take place in September and October, preparations have already begun and consultations as to gowns and wedding presents are held at all the hen dinners and luncheons. It is stated that two weddings which all hoped would be celebrated here are to take place abroad, as it seems pretty well settled that Miss Flora Davis and Lord Terrence Blackwood, and Miss Bertha Potter and Mr. Robert Shaw Minton will be married on the other side. The marriage of Miss Birdie Otis to Mr. Frederick Edey, it is reported, will take place on the 14th of September at the bride's home at Bellport, Long Island. Mr. Otis's place there is very large and beautiful, and, although nobody will be in town by that time, still, the chances are that there will be a large number of guests present. Both bride and groom are great favorites, and the Otis family is one of the best-known in this country.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

A Las! Goodwood is close upon us now, and Goodwood spells to all the swagger world the end of the London season! Such an unsatisfactory season, too, taking it for all and all, as it has proved, notwithstanding the now worn-out Royal wedding festivities and all the attendant state functions and private gossip.

I can give no reason why, but all our gaieties this year have carried themselves with a forced air; from out the jovial mask of comedy the sad eyes of stern tragedy have always seemed to look forth reproachfully. Yet, never in a score of years have we poor Londoners been blessed with such a continuous run of sunshine, such brilliant typical summer weather.

The London season of 1893 has not, however, been either a successful or a brilliant one. Court functions we have had, private balls, at homes, musicales, concerts, bazars ad nauseam. Sir Augustus Harris has been indefatigable as an opera impresario at Covent Garden and as manager of the Paris Comédie Française company at Drury Lane—poor old Drury Lane! which not all its two hundred years of dramatic tradition, its legends of Mrs. Siddons, Macready, Kean, Keeley, Booth, can now save from the grasping hand of an already over-wealthy landlord Peer, the Duke of Bedford, whose property it is, and the auctioneer's hammer! Weddings, garden parties, an always agitated House of Commons and one of the greatest disasters of modern times, have each one added its quota to make up the sum total, and yet, oh, fugaces tempore! the season now dragging out its last few days has been a failure.

The State Ball at Buckingham Palace on Monday night was, however, a very brilliant affair, although the Princess of Wales did not grace the occasion with her presence. She has attended neither of the Buckingham Palace balls this season, though all the London dailies religiously chronicled her as among the Royal group, even down to her orders and slippers! but then even the D. T.—most reliable of journals—can be tripped up sometimes in its accuracy! The Princess dined quietly with her mother, the Queen of Denmark, whose visit has been such a true delight to her devoted daughter, and the evening was a "home" one at Marlborough House. Both the Princesses of Wales came with their father, and to the astonishment of everyone, Princess Maud, always H. R. H.'s favorite daughter, blossomed out quite a beauty. Like the Duchess of Fife, she each year seems to grow more and more to resemble her mother, while poor Princess Victoria adds nothing to her lack of graciousness of manner and plainness of appearance. She it is, however, that all depend upon at home. She writes and answers the greater part of her mother's private notes and letters, and she is always the peacemaker when any little differences arise in the family circle. Both Princesses were very simply dressed in gowns without trains—it is not etiquette to wear a train at a court ball—of cream-white silk, the trimmings of chiffon-muslin and small violet velvet bows placed upright in their dark brown hair. Diamonds and pearls, and their own

personal Orders—the Imperial Crown of India and the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert—making up the sum of their jewels.

The most beautiful woman of all, however, was an American, Mrs. Naylor-Leyland, who as Miss Jennie Chamberlain, the daughter of Mr. W. S. Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio, was some ten years ago first favorite at Marlborough House, though never well accepted by the Queen. Miss Chamberlain was married by one of the richest commoners in England, Captain Thomas Naylor-Leyland, rather unfortunately known as "Bengal" Leyland, owing to a misadventure which occurred there, and which resulted in the death of his father. Mrs. Naylor-Leyland is a very beautiful woman, and just now all the world is raving over her with the enthusiasm of ten years ago.

Her dress at the ball was a triumph of art. She really looked a vision of beauty in one of the new, so much in vogue, "serpent" dresses, made of rich cream-white satin, spangled all over very thickly with silver paillettes, the design forming a sort of coat-of-mail, and marking out most effectively the outline of the figure, widening out as it went up the bodice and down the skirt. Around the waist was a serpent in silver studded with diamonds, and large diamond bats on each shoulder, while on her pretty fair hair she wore a crown of magnificent diamonds, a chain of equally beautiful stones being crossed in three groups over her bodice, and a necklace of the same surrounding her slender throat. Miss Chamberlain, Mrs. Naylor-Leyland's sister, also looked very nice in a toilette of pink and silver, but she cannot in any respect rival her beautiful elder sister. Mrs. Naylor-Leyland's house at Albert Gate is one of the largest and most elegant in London. It faces the French Embassy, and overlooks the Park, and is really a small museum of lovely objets d'art and articles de luxe.

By the way, these same "serpent" gowns have been very much affected by Lady Brooke, who has one in white and gold, and by Lady de Trafford, in pale rose color spangled with ruby sequins.

Another handsome American woman present was the Duchess of Manchester, who put off her deeper mourning for the moment, and looked younger and prettier than ever in an all-white toilette liberally decorated with diamonds. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts appeared particularly youthful, her large tiara of diamonds being flanked with a somewhat overpowering cluster of forget-me-nots and roses. Lady Evans brought her débutante daughter, who looked very pretty in an ingénue frock of white satin relieved by touches of pale apple-green. Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck wore a very beautiful gown of mauve and silver, and Miss Bonyngé looked extremely pretty in pale rose color. The Marchioness of Blandford, who came with her son, the Duke of Marlborough, and her daughter, Lady Lilian Spencer-Churchill, looked ridiculously young in an all-white satin gown, while the Duchess of Buckingham wore the most notable jewels of any lady at the ball. Her black velvet gown was literally ablaze with diamonds, chains of which were looped across the bodice and worn as a girdle around her waist. From her magnificent tiara depended a long veil of black gauze, and about her neck were rows and

rows of the same priceless gems. The Duchess, though a widow, is tall, slight, fair, and still in her first youth; the effect of all these gleaming, iridescent stones against the sombre folds of her toilette was really superb.

The Garden Party at Marlborough House, which now takes the place of the old-time Friday before Ascot ball, was not so brilliant as usual. The Queen only received the most intimate of her son's guests in her own private marquee, and contrary to custom made no tour of the gardens, a sort of Royal progress which heretofore she has always maintained, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and followed by a small court of immediate royalties. The only interesting incident of the day was the fact of Lady Brooke walking about all the afternoon with her husband! She never once went near the Royal party, and H. R. H. did not recognize her in any way. The same marked indifference was shown again on Monday night at the opera. The Princess of Wales occupied the Royal box with her daughters. The Princesses were in black relieved by white lace, but, oh, such common lace, not even their jeweled stars and "orders" could redeem! With them was their grandmother, the Queen of Denmark, to whom they are all passionately attached. In the next box was Lady Brooke, radiantly lovely in a gown of white satin and all her regalia of splendid diamonds; but the Prince, who came late, seemed impervious to her hitherto potent charms, and never left the Royal box throughout the evening! Naturally everyone is gossiping about it, and I have it on very fair authority that the Princess went to the Queen herself to protest against Lady Brooke's receiving an invitation to the State Ball and the Garden Party, for though the cards are sent out in the Princess's name, as a matter of fact the list of guests is gone over by the Queen and amended or ratified as she thinks best, the result being this tacit "go by" is so skilfully carried out that even the person most concerned could have no valid cause of complaint! So you see, Vogue, Royalty sometimes has its prerogatives as well as its disabilities. Diane

London, 22 July, 1893.

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

THE DOOM OF THE CUMMERBUND—FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF UZES—THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL AND HER BORDEAUX-LIKE LOCKS

I Stopped on my way home to déjeuner, the other day, at that particular point of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne known as the Cercles de Pannés, in order to watch the procession of pedestrians, riders and drivers coming back from their morning constitutional in the Bois, and I must confess that the scene was almost as picturesque as the Retour du Bois used formerly to be between six and seven in the evening. I noticed, among other innovations, that the men are now beginning to ride without straps either to their cloth gaiters or to their trousers, this fashion coming to us from London. The men on foot seemed, as a rule, to affect white drill trousers, with white piqué waistcoats and jackets of some very soft and light gray tweed. Very few did I observe who had ventured to substitute in lieu of a waistcoat a colored sash or



L. Vallet
Nov. 1893

SOUR GRAPES

ELEANOR: "Mr. Van Wither is so tiresome. He is in love again."
GLADYS: "With whom?"
ELEANOR: "The same girl he cared for last year!"

cummerbund, which fad seems to have altogether gone out of fashion. It is no longer considered as good form, even for wear in the country. In fact, the cummerbund has been done to death, although last year the men used to lavish as much care upon it as if it had been the most dainty feminine toilette. The dandies used to travel about with an entire trunkful of cummerbunds, and some men, such as the Duc de Morny and other prominent members of our jeunesse dorée, made a point of appearing every day throughout their stay in any given locality in a different sash,



just as we were apt to do and feel with regard to our dresses. Some of these cummerbunds were hand-painted and made of gold-embroidered Japanese silk, and fastened with artistic Japanese buckles of exquisite workmanship. Others were of soft pink, pale-blue or lettuce-green surah, matching the corresponding tint of the shirt worn therewith. Thus, for instance, I saw the Duc de Morny at Deauville during the race week, arrayed in a suit of white and pink striped flannel, a pale pink batiste shirt buttoned with pink pearls, and a cummerbund of shot taffeta in crimson and pink, with tie and hat ribbon to match. This costume was completed by an umbrella of white corded silk lined with crimson satin. The cummerbund was fastened with two brooches of large pink pearls surrounded by diamonds. Imagine that abomination of desolations, the cheap swell, aping all the splendor, with cheap silks, brass buckles and imitation jewelry, and you will understand why our gilded youth have been compelled to abandon the cummerbund, which owes its introduction into Europe to the Prince of Wales on his return from India.

Apropos of the Duc de Morny, let me give you a brief description of a toilette just completed for his wife, which she is to wear at the Deauville races next month. The skirt is of accordion-plaited white foulard, printed with a rather large design of dull red and faded purple, or heliotrope chrysanthemums with their gray-green foliage scattered over a colorless ground. About ten inches from the waist falls a flounce of lace in antique yellow tint, forming points at the edge and showing a rather broad green satin ribbon through its loosely woven meshes, and upon which the lace is mounted. This original trimming only encircles the skirt at the sides and back, the

front falling plainly to the feet, two rosettes of gray-green satin securing the flounce at its starting and finishing points. The corsage of foulard, lace trimmed, is zoned at the waist and neck by réséda satin, and the full accordion foulard sleeves fall to the elbow only, where they are banded with similar gray-green satin. When you bear in mind that the Duchess is a peculiarly lovely brunette, you will be able to imagine to what advantage she will appear in this toilette.

And while on the subject of chiffons, let me give a brief description of a delightfully cool-looking and pretty toilette worn by Mlle. de Nadaillac, the granddaughter of the good old Duchesse de Maille, in the Bois, the other morning when I met her. It was made of stone alpaca shot with chestnut brown, the skirt ornamented around the hips with a trio of half-inch wavy braid. The corsage had simple and unfaced lapels of alpaca stitched with silk, made to close across with smoked or light brown pearl buttons dotting the fronts in two rows of three buttons on either side. A dainty blouse of pale blue and white dotted foulard in bébé form was made to wear with this, being shirred from a shallow round yoke of fine beige guipure mounted upon white satin, the collar of lace and satin to match. The sleeves of dotted foulard finished in a two-inch wristband of lace over satin fastened with two minute pearl buttons. At the waist, a broad belt of shot moiré matching the alpaca, made a charming finish. This was fastened by two very tiny rosettes of moiré superimposed. A large sailor hat of chestnut straw accompanied this simple little gown, trimmed round the crown with brown velvet, while from the side and from a rosette of guipure and another of ciel velvet, rose two small brown velvet bullrushes and a tuft of bronze-powered sword grass. The lady who was with Mlle. de Nadaillac wore a striking looking cape of rich black moiré antique, with a curious silvery blue upon its surface, trimmed with exquisite Flemish lace and lined throughout with maize satin.

A recent event of importance was the death of the young Duke of Uzes, and although we have all been to leave cards and to write our names at his mother's house, yet I cannot help thinking that there must be some truth in the rumors which state that his demise is a source of relief rather than of sorrow to her. He has never been on very good terms with his mother and at the time of the Boulanger movement he openly opposed her espousal of the cause of that adventurer, protesting violently against her large financial subventions to the Boulangist cause, of which she was the principal backer. Then, too, there were quarrels between mother and son on the subject of the settlement of accounts which, according to the terms of his father's will, she should have made on the attainment of his majority, and if the rumors on the subject are to be believed, her action in providing him with a conseil judiciaire, that is, in depriving him of all civil rights and of the control of his fortune, reducing him to the state of a minor, was merely with the object of preventing him from taking any steps against her. Had he lived he would have been decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honor by the present Government, which would have furnished a striking illustration of the increased friendli-

ness between the nouvelle and the vieille couche—the President of the Republic conferring knighthood upon the premier duke and peer of France.

I have just returned from accompanying Queen Pia of Portugal to the railroad terminus, where a number of Parisian mondaines had assembled in order to bid adieu to Her Majesty on her departure for Lisbon via Madrid. I am sorry to say that she has aged very very much, and it is generally reported that she is suffering from some internal trouble, which gives a ghastly pallor and an aspect of deep suffering to her face. Notwithstanding this, she has been exceedingly active during her stay here, going everywhere, seeing everything and ordering no end of beautiful dresses, some of them of the most gorgeous description. What do you think, for instance, of a tea-gown of violet velvet opening on a jupe of mauve peau-de-soie, on which are embroidered three stars in gold and silver? The mauve waistbelt with long ends is also embroidered with gold and silver, and a cord composed of silver and gold threads and mauve silk starts from the sleeves and is tied across the bosom. She is also taking back with her a Court dress of black and white satin, sparkling all over with gold embroidery. The long train is made of white satin trimmed with old Bruges lace, and is embroidered with gold thread. There is also a dinner robe in silver-gray brocaded satin, slashed at the sides with mauve satin and veiled with old Flemish point embroidered with pearls. The bodice is strewn with fine pearls, and has a berth of lace matching that on the skirt. All these gowns are in the charge of Queen Pia's principal dresser, or maid, a coal-black negress of the Philippine Islands, and more than fifty years of age, no less than thirty of which have been spent at the Portuguese Court. The woman is most attached to her Royal mistress, who never goes the slightest distance without being accompanied by her. Besides having the care of all the Queen's toilettes, she always dresses Her Majesty's hair, and, I suspect, dyes it as well. There is some doubt here as to whether her



hair is artificially colored or not, but I confess that I cannot bring myself to believe that such an extraordinary hue can ever be obtained save by artificial means. It is the most peculiar color that I have ever seen. It is not golden, nor yet caroty, but a darkish red inclining to the tint of Bordeaux wine, more than anything else. The Queen was accompanied by her son, who has been enjoying

himself to his heart's content while here, all his little fredaines being viewed with indulgent leniency by the extremely unconventional daughter of the late King Victor Emmanuel.

The American fashion of so-called *déjeuners* and *diners blancs*, or as you, I believe, call them *rosebud entertainments*, at which none but young girls are invited, without a single man or married woman, have not proved to be a success here, and those given during the past season by the Duchesse de Valence, the Vicomtesse de Chezelles, the Duchesse de Maillé and the American-born Marchioness of Anglesey, have been stilted, ceremonial affairs, where the main purpose and object of the *fête*, that is to say, the enjoyment of the young girls taking part therein, has been conspicuous only by its absence. Neither the young girls like it, nor yet do their parents, who do not relish being thus left out in the cold. Under the circumstances, I do not think we shall hear anything more of this fashion next season.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, 16 July, 1893.

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NEW YORK; AND BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

OF INTEREST TO HER

The fascinations of West Point and the legendary lore of the Hudson River detained me so long last week that I was compelled to make a flying leap to Saratoga Springs and ignore entirely the attractions of that old-time resort—Lebanon Springs, with the quaint Shaker village lying in the valley below it. We reached Saratoga just in time for the opening dance of the season at the Grand Union Hotel. It was a crush equal to a Patriarchs', but rather a different style of entertainment. The ball-room was beautiful, the music good, the flowers fresh and fragrant, but the company cosmopolitan to such a degree as to bewilder all one's ideas of races, countries, tribes, cliques and sets. If each one of the men and women there present had worn the costume of the nation he or she seemed to represent, the dance would have been a fancy-dress ball indeed. Every one was in irreproachable evening attire, however—there is no such thing in Saratoga as dress suits at breakfast and corduroys at dinner, such as we have heard of in some cities farther west. But the gowns were so showy, the jewels flashed so bravely—there was such a gleaming of white necks and arms, and such a promiscuous medley of black coats and their wearers that I could not help wondering who in the world they all were, and whither they were bound.

The next morning solved the problem to a certain extent. In my early ante-breakfast stroll I encountered so many black-coated and white neck-clothed gentlemen, some of them tall and thin to attenuation, others short, stout, and well-looking, that I was constrained to ask who they were, and where they were hurrying to—for "Broadway" was actually darkened by them. I learned that they belonged to the Saratoga Ministerial Association, and were on their way to their daily prayer meeting. Scarcely had they passed when I was drawn violently aside by a powerful negro, and the next moment a cohort of bicyclers came sweeping by as noiseless and mysterious as the Huntsman of the Black Forest and his followers. They were as the sands of the seashore for multitude, and completely filled the broad, grass-grown street, for as far as the eye could see. What next! I wondered. But I had not long to wait for the next striking development of this wonderful place. I stopped for a moment at the Excelsior spring to get my morning draught of healing waters and found the little enclosure swarming—indeed overflowing with unmistakable politicians in straw hats, loose trousers, no waistcoats, and most surprising neckties. It was a committee from the Massachusetts Legislature abroad for a holiday, and on their way to Lake George and Ticonderoga. It would be impossible to tell all that I saw of the various phases of human life during the next twenty-four hours. Scientists, electricians, architects, medical societies, religious and benevolent associations, actually swarmed and were jostled at every turn by actors, actresses, skirt dancers, racing magnates, bookmakers, horse jockeys, college students and professors, public school teachers, readers and elocutionists, spiritualistic mediums, strong-minded women in Bloomers and spectacles and dainty little swells in 1830 costumes, were all to be seen, not within four walls, but pacing up and down the beautiful

street with its double row of elms, that is the main artery of the town.

Saratoga is certainly a very wonderful place and holds out more varied and universal attractions to all sorts and conditions of men than any other place in the world. The air, which is laden with the odor of pine forests, sweeps down from the Adirondack region, and is almost as sanitary in its effects as the pure crystal springs. Dust is unknown, for all the roads are watered, and it is impossible to feel tedium or ennui, for some new thing is appearing every hour. Our former Vice-President, Mr. L. P. Morton, had a cottage there every summer for many years, and his wife and daughters were to be seen daily on the walks and drives. The United States Hotel is always the stronghold of the millionaires and fashionables, and although there are not now very many of the latter to be seen, yet there are still a few old New Yorkers, among them Mr. Robert Remsen, Dr. W. S. Mayo, Miss Rhinelander, Bishop Potter and various members of the Cutting family, who never omit a fortnight at "the Springs" and a course of Congress Water from their summer programmes.

From Saratoga I journeyed on to Richfield, encountering by the way, on the Grand Central Railroad, such a horde of Chicago tourists as I never wish to fall in with again. The weather was intolerably hot, which made me perhaps a little restive under even the ordinary forms of railroad torture, but when to these were added a crowd of passengers who seemed to think the car was a third-class eating saloon and who produced in rapid succession from bags and baskets bottles of soup—of which the prevailing ingredient was garlic—pies, cold puddings, oranges, apples, peanuts, and to cap the climax, ice-cream—which was procured at every station on the way—and which, when the train moved on be-

fore it was all consumed, they emptied into newspapers in order to return the plates—all this with a broiling sun, and smoke and cinders ad infinitum, was trying, to say the least. We reached Richfield just as the sun was setting in a flood of golden light and it seemed to me a veritable Paradise with its soft cool breeze sweeping up the broad street and the picturesque effect of its lofty trees, which form an arcade above one's head, and its pretty cottages, hotels and buildings of various kinds. The next morning I found it even more beautiful, for the roadways were soon filled with victorias, tandems, four-in-hands and innumerable equestrians, while hurrying along the sidewalk were young men and maidens in tennis clothes of the lightest colors and every one swinging a racquet or carrying it over her shoulder. Indeed Richfield should be called the home of tennis. Never have I seen so much of it as during my short visit there. Every field and meadow is cropped and rolled and shows the inevitable net. It is tennis in front of you, tennis behind you, tennis to right of you, tennis to left of you, tennis in whatsoever direction you may chance to turn your eyes. During the morning hours it seemed to me that young and old alike were wielding the omnipotent racquet, but they gradually drop off about midday, when baths and massage assert their claims. Then comes dinner and then drives through a beautiful country, a great part of which Cooper has immortalized in his tales, and in the evening dances at one or two of the hotels, or sentimental strolls under the arches of the trees where electric lights do not penetrate—and where the moon looks blandly down.

WHAT SHE WEARS

American women, as a rule, wear very few jewels in summer. Even at Newport, except on special occasions, such as a Vanderbilt or Astor entertainment, only solitaire diamonds in the ears, a star for the hair, and a brooch or two to catch the laces of the corsage are considered good form. But in London, where the height of the season is at midsummer, the great display of jewels is at drawing-rooms and court balls, and at dinners and dances among the higher nobility. This season royalties have been so prominently to the front that the blaze of diamonds has been more blinding than ever before, and as the style of wearing the hair has changed very much since last year, many ladies have been obliged to alter the setting of their jewels to suit the prevailing mode. Last year the small crown, which exactly fitted the Psyche knob at the back of the head, was universally worn, but this season tiaras have come into favor again, and everybody who is anybody is expected to possess one.

The latest novelty, of course, is the white rose brooch, which is an exact copy of the first present given by the Duke of York to his bride, and which can now be purchased in the Burlington Arcade for a very trifling sum. An American girl would scorn to wear it, and would say "if she could not have the real thing she preferred to have none at all." But high-born English women think differently, and have no hesitation whatever about displaying the spurious stones. Indeed, many of them have counterfeits of their ancestral jewels,

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Tiffany & Co.,
Union Square, New York.

made for their own use, on account of the risk of losing the valuable antiques. Others, again, sell or pledge their diamonds for money to pay the debts with which men and women of the smart set are always encumbered, and wear "paste" all their lives, and often without the knowledge of their nearest of kin.

An Englishman of the smart set who was here last winter, and who attended the Nikisch concert given by Mrs. Havemeyer, exclaimed at the recklessness with which American women wore their priceless gems. "Such ropes of pearls, and rivieres of diamonds as these ladies have on," he said, "would not be worn in London without an escort of police to attend the wearers to the ball, or half a dozen detectives in plain clothes to follow them about."

As a rule, young English women wear too many showy ornaments, which in France are considered suitable only for dowagers. No Parisian modiste who had any control in the matter would have allowed the young Princess May to wear a tiara and collar of brilliants on her wedding day. It is said that her grandmother, the Queen, was much opposed to any jewels being worn with the bridal attire, but, like other grandmamas, was quite overruled by the young people. But the venerable Ruler of England and India was quite right in her judgment, and as the young Duchess will probably be surfeited with jewels for the remainder of her life, she would have been far more lovely if she had worn only flowers on her bridal gown.

A stone which has been quite the rage both in London and Paris of late, is the chryso-phrase of the Revelations, which is there called the tenth foundation stone of the New Jerusalem. It is an opaque, green stone, is always set in diamonds and is supposed to be the reverse of the opal, as it brings good luck to all who wear it. It is found in Silesia and is said to have been popular with English sovereigns since the reign of William and Mary. Queen Victoria always wears a bit of it in one of her ornaments, and the Prince of Wales frequently selects it when he gives a bridal present of jewelry.

Organdies, crépons, grenadines and China silks have matters all their own way now at the watering places. Even dinner and evening gowns are made of clear and dotted muslin



with two skirts, and satin ribbons run through the hems, at which elderly ladies smile and remark that their own trousseaux displayed frocks exactly like them. A pretty gown was worn by a very pretty girl at Newport the other day. It was of white and red striped grenadine, with a yoke of white lace and a full bodice drawn into a narrow red ribbon at the waist. The collar and cuffs were of lace to match the yoke, and the hat was a broad-brimmed Leghorn with a cluster of red and white ostrich plumes. As the wearer was a light brunette, the costume seemed to me very pretty and becoming—but a Knickerbocker dude turned from it with a shudder and declared that "she looked like a stick of peppermint candy." "So," as another young beauty observed, with a toss of her head, "what's the use trying to please the men in dressing?"

AS SEEN BY HIM

Midsummer New York seems to have blossomed out as a continuous Vau-deville Club Variety Show by day, and Roof Garden by night. One could almost (if he has to be in town for a few hours) imagine himself in old Babylon-al fresco entertainments, sins and all. These sylvan recreations, I believe, take with the people. They should. They are, no doubt, very amusing. Entre les actes from Bar Harbor or Newport, I enjoy them myself. I partake in the customs of the country and I find many smart people doing likewise. A bit of a homely dish sometimes stimulates our jaded appetites. I remember a beautiful but severe Knickerbocker matron taking her husband to task for paying devoted attention to a shop girl on a hotel piazza at Richfield. His excuse was contained in these gallant words: "My dear, toujours perdrix gives an indigestion. One must have pork and beans once in a while." To a cosmopolite New Yorker, all these things appear perfectly natural, but to a European some of them are so novel, being an olla podrida of all nations, that he thinks on landing in New York he has already arrived at the Midway Plaisance and that it extends from Chicago to New York.

I met on a roof garden the other evening a most charming Russian Princess with whom I had smoked cigarettes and chatted at Moscow some years ago, a Turkish Minister, two American Generals, an Italian Count, two members of the House of Commons, a woman whose drawing rooms in New York and at Newport are filled with the flower of this country and Europe, and an attaché of the Chinese Legation at Washington. They were all enjoying themselves immensely, watching the crowd, representative of every nation on earth, and applauding the performers, who have trod the boards of the café chantants stage of nearly every European capital. The costumes worn at these entertainments are as curious and as varied as the audience. In fact, anything appears to be permissible for the roof garden. Usage creates vogue in this case. Still I must—although most catholic on these occasions, as to dress—frown upon a man wearing white spats with russet shoes, or a top hat with a flannel coat—both of which atrocities I saw perpetrated at the Madison Square Roof Garden recently.

During the past week I have received so many communications that perhaps I ought to be flattered by the tributes of my numerous admirers. I think I can safely call them admirers, because their utterances breathe (if I can endow with breath pen, ink, paper and sealing wax) admiration and confidence. This, by the way, is very gratifying. Yet it is somewhat wearisome, especially in this hot weather, when even the cool breezes of Newport have not made one feel comfortable. To have so large a mail and so many inquiries, some concerning the most trivial things, and expressing doubt or ignorance as to action in the simplest affairs of life, is a bore. My dear fellow, when you write do not commit the unpardonable offense of sticking your envelope before you seal it. I received a dozen such. One, it grieves me to say, came from Boston's Somerset Club. There, at least, they should know better. This was an unexpected blow. I do not like to speak of the superscription on another. It is actually painful even to think of.

I must give it. It is a dreadful warning—a striking example of what should not be done. The envelope read:

"Him,"
Vogue,
61 Union Place,
Addressed.

"Addressed"!!! If this form ever existed among smart people, it is certainly obsolete. Its career was ended long before my time, in the days when Grandmother wrote in small neat script and used blue paper for her love-letters to dear Grandpapa. It suggests new-mown hay. I can see the winding, dusty road, the glaring white wooden church surrounded by gravestones, the village store, where the gentleman in charge dispenses groceries, dry-goods and the United States mail. All of this, of course, is very picturesque in its setting. I love simplicity, I love the country; but I should be more than a little shocked if I were asked to a smart house in town to partake of buttermilk, batter cakes and molasses at six in the afternoon. For antiquated out-of-the-way neighborhoods, where such viands are very acceptable, one might expect to receive a letter so "addressed."

A number of my correspondents complain that my suggestions as to what is correct involve too great an expenditure and can only be followed by men of unlimited means. In fact, one rather clever fellow asks me if I consider it necessary to be rich in order to be a gentleman? Not at all, my dear sir! That is a foul heresy. In my description of my own wardrobe I have given that of a man of leisure with plenty of money. Other men not so fortunate, perhaps, must content themselves with less. A man of business, with but a fortnight's holiday, certainly can do with a more limited outfit.

While on the subject of correspondence, cream laid paper is always good form. Naturally, the size depends upon the subject, although the ordinary note is always in vogue. Fold it once and place in a square envelope to match. It is the fad to begin your letter on the fourth page, then turn it completely over and finish across the centre pages. This sounds like a direction given to find a locality on Long Island. Also I wish to repeat, never

stick an envelope. Always seal it, using the ordinary red wax if not in mourning. The seal should be your crest, or if you are the head of the family, your coat-of-arms. If you do not possess a coat-of-arms by inheritance, use a simple monogram. No seal should be larger than necessary. A word as to the use of club note paper. One's club is usually neither one's home nor one's place of business. If a man, however, lives in his club, all correspondence addressed to him there may be answered on club paper. If he lives at home, his invitations and private correspondence, naturally addressed to him there, should be answered there. This information may seem superfluous, but I assure you that I receive shocking errors daily by every post.

Foreigners, in their criticisms of us, say that we resemble the French more than any other nation. This may possibly arise from the lavish wearing of jewels, which seems to have lately come into fashion among our men. I suppose I ought to pardon youngsters this almost unpardonable breach of good taste, but I cannot, under any circumstances, absolve a man of over thirty from the same sin. The wearing of jewels is eastern and Oriental. It is also the privilege of a class who take to lending money on valuables as a means of subsistence as naturally as the traditional duck takes to water. A number of jeweled rings always suggest to me a lack of soap and Croton, and the man who is wearing them is more than apt to have a coarse and ungainly hand, not browned by honest toil, or even properly cared for.

I have already spoken of this subject in a previous paper, and I am led to repeat it, for the reason that I have seen so many transgressors lately. We must never follow the French in their dress. A Frenchman is a caricature as to clothes, but a model as to manners. We should keep the distinction always before us and avoid falling into error.

I am really beginning to understand the feelings of philanthropists. I am in full sympathy with what they have suffered. I give much good advice; in fact, sometimes I feel that I have squandered it, and I experience the operatic sensation of "a heart bowed down," because so little of it is followed. I must, however, console myself with the reflection that I am doing the work of a missionary, although it is cold comfort for me to think that I am even so little appreciated as not to be fated the common lot of these apostles among cannibals. But in thinking the matter over, I am more resigned, and I hope much from the future.

ANSWERS BY HIM

W., DEVON, PENN.—A broad-brimmed straw or a light gray Hombourg hat may be substituted. A top hat is rarely worn in the country.

H. T. C., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—A Prince Albert coat should be worn at weddings, formal breakfasts, to church and at any function taking place before six o'clock in the afternoon. A cutaway may be substituted on informal occasions.

T. E. U., JOLLAND, CONN.—Consult a good tailor; so much depends upon individual taste, as well as height, build, etc.

E. C. M., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Have a blue flannel yachting costume, consisting of a double-breasted lounging coat and waistcoat, with either plain white, blue or striped flannel trousers turned up at the bottoms. Tan shoes, rubber soles, a yachting cap in blue or white flannel. For mountain climbing wear heavy tan laced boots over which leggings may be worn, yarn stockings to the knees, knickerbockers of tweed, with either a Norfolk jacket or shooting coat. A billycock hat or deerstalker. You will save both time and money and obtain the very latest style of London hat by going to a leading New York hatter. The best London firms have agencies in this city. In answer to your last question I beg to say that Vogue is unique. There is no paper published in London or anywhere else on the globe like it.

PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

A Gnes Booth is summering at her cottage at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., a mile from the Essex County Club's new house. I met her at the dance given by the club a few days ago. "I have no ambition to star," she said. "A stock company, instructed by an artistic stage manager, represents to me the highest kind of dramatic interpretation. The star system has ruined many able actors. It is the tendency of the star to drug his surroundings. This, of course, destroys symmetry."

I wonder if Ada Rehan will ever become a star! To all intents and purposes she is one now. In Augustin Daly's London theatre, her portrait, idealized, decorates the drop curtain, and both there and here it is Mr. Daly's constant aim to make her the effulgent and all-engrossing attraction under his management. Of even James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert we hear little nowadays.

I happen to know that not so long ago Charles B. Jefferson, son of Joseph Jefferson, offered to pay Miss Rehan \$50,000 a season if she would tour as an independent attraction under his management; and it is worthy of note that it was at just about this time—a little later—that Mr. Daly began to engineer affairs so that by almost imperceptible degrees Miss Rehan was raised away above the level of the others in the Daly stock company.

What an absurd rumor this is, to be sure: that Lillian Russell, who is to leave the management of T. Henry French, is to join a Chicago stock company of singers to be composed of Jessie Bartlett Davis, Eugene Cowles, W. M. Broderick and other singers born in Chicago. It would be neither dignified nor appropriate for Miss Russell, at this period of her career, to step down from the head of her own company; and her success would not lead her to do so. Mr. Cowles, furthermore, as Vogue announced, is to go abroad for two years. So let us hear the last of this!

Mascagni, it is said in London, has agreed to compose operas for both Patti and for Florence St. John, the soprano of the London Gaiety Company. If this be true—and the

reports seem authentic—Mascagni has made two blunders. His forte is evidently in the direction of composition that calls for the services of dramatic sopranos of the most strong-lunged kind, and as Patti and Miss St. John are lyric sopranos, with pretty and bird-like notes, it is not difficult to foresee that the carrying out of Mascagni's projects would be disastrous all around—especially in view of the comparative failure of I. Rantuzza in his attempt at idealic opera.

It may well be said that Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau have their managerial fingers clutched on the best attractions in France, England and America. Contemplate their list for the coming season: the Metropolitan Opera House with its colossal salary list of singers; the new Abbey Theatre, at Thirty-ninth Street; the Tremont Theatre, Boston; Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Coquelin, Jane Hading, Monuet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt, the Comédie Française Company and the magnificent spectacle of America, now at the Chicago Auditorium, but booked to appear at the Academy of Music in October.

The secret has leaked out! I know now who it is that is trying to keep Zeldia de Lussan, the superb voiced American singer, from leaving England to sing in New York. It is Col. Mapleson. The manager who is trying to persuade Miss de Lussan to come here is Henry E. Abbey. It is always interesting to observe, in the "offing," so to speak, the tug-of-wars between these two often-matched adversaries. Of late years Abbey has been winning almost all the contests. Mapleson is plucky—will he ever turn the tables? K.

HORSE NOTES

AT last we are beginning to hear something of the work of the American trotters abroad. The latest report from the other side of the water furnishes us with the welcome news that Sister Barefoot finished third in the International Trotting Purse at Neuilly, near Paris, France. Of course, the fact that the mare, who is well known at Fleetwood Park, finished third, does not appear to be of any special interest; but when it is learned that, according to the conditions of the race, she had to start fifty-five yards behind the two French-bred trotters that finished first and second, her work speaks well for her American breeding. The distance was two miles and one hundred and sixty-five yards, and throughout the trot the American mare never made a break. She trotted every step of the journey and made much better time than the leaders, who ran, broke and single-footed to an extent that would have disqualified them on an American or German track. The average time of Képi, the winner, was two minutes, thirty-three and one-half seconds to the mile. The average time made by Sister Barefoot to the mile was two minutes, thirty-one and three-fifths seconds, so that, without the handicap, the American mare would have carried off the honors. The International free-for-all trot, at the same track, was won by Spofford, another American trotter, and Bulford, one of the horses taken to Europe by Mr. J. W. Day, finished second.

The day of speculation on the running or trotting races in the state of Connecticut has ended, for on Monday the anti-pool law, which had for its main object the closing of the pool-rooms, went into effect. The evil of speculating on the running and trotting events throughout the country had grown to such proportions that a monster petition asking for the passage of an anti-pool law was gotten up, and was signed by prominent clergymen, lawyers, business men and judges.



INGENUE OF MR. HARRIGAN'S COMPANY

The act was brought before the State Legislature, and was passed. Its passage forbade the selling of pools or betting of any kind on running or trotting races in the State, and as the betting furnished the very life of the trotting meetings on the Charter Oak track, the events of that Association had, as has been told in a previous issue of Vogue, to be transferred to Fleetwood Park. There are many schemes now being talked of by the Connecticut book-makers to evade the law, but the State authorities are determined that the law shall be obeyed, and it is not probable that any of the talked-of schemes will succeed.

During the past week there have been any number of pony races run in this section. The races were given as a feature of the Roman Holiday of the Staten Island Athletic Club and several novelties in the pony-racing line were introduced. Fred Scott and P. A. Hart essayed to vary the programme by introducing a half-mile tandem pony race. This did not prove very successful, but it provoked much laughter, for the leaders were tired after the first circuit and wanted to quit. Mr. Hart's team broke at the club house, but a number of volunteers brought them together, after which they started out on the journey again and won by a short margin.

The famous course at Glenville, Ohio, where so many records have been broken, was the scene of action for the Grand Circuit fliers last week. The track was not at its best, owing to the scarcity of rain,

which left the ground baked and dusty, but the attendance was up to the usual number throughout the meeting. It was over this track that Maud S. made her 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$ mark eight years ago, before the advent of the bicycle sulky. It was expected that national interest would be aroused over the result of the special event of the week, in which three trotters were entered. They were Martha Wilkes, 2:08; Mark Sirius, 2:17 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Directum, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, and their task was to be a tilt against the famous record of Maud S. The conditions were to be the same as those under which Maud S. made her record, that is, the high-wheeled wooden sulky was to be used. Of the three entered Directum was the only one to start, but from the outset his gait was unsteady, and after two breaks he only trotted in 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$. The sensational race between Little Albert and Walter E., in which a new mark for geldings was made, proved the most interesting race of the four-days' meeting. The race was in five heats, the first two of which were won by Little Albert. In the two succeeding heats he was forced to pieces by the speedy Walter E., but in the final heat the game Californian pulled himself together, and taking a strong lead, captured the heat in 2:13. The time made in the other heats was respectively 2:10, 2:11, 2:10 and 2:11 $\frac{1}{2}$, making this race the fastest one of five heats ever trotted, and stamping Little Albert as a wonderful gelding.

It is a matter of deep regret among the horsemen of this city that William Easton, the "silver-tongued orator" of Tattersalls, has been refused a renewal of his license on the ground that he is an alien. When the hour arrived to begin the regular Wednesday sale last week, Mr. Easton stepped into the rostrum and announced that application for a renewal of his license to sell at auction had been refused, and that the sale would have to be postponed. Another auctioneer was sent for, though, and the sale proceeded.

Under the Consolidation Act of 1892 the Mayor may withhold the granting of any license at his discretion, and from his decision there can be no appeal.

The first set of pony races ever held in Saratoga, under the rules of the American Hunt and Pony Racing Association, came off last week at Woodlawn Oval. An attractive programme of five races for each day was prepared, the distances varying from four furlongs to two miles. The racing was excellent, and among the contestants in the different events were Little Monarch, Hyaka, Little Fiend, The Joker and The Rat. The officers of the meeting were Col. A. B. Helton, J. A. Seavey, John A. Manning, W. B. Gage, W. E. Wooley, Wharton Meehan, W. Hay Bockes, Willard Lester, H. M. Livingston, Jr., H. S. Clement and Dr. G. B. Cochran.

It is predicted by many members of the pony racing set in this city that the sport will grow popular at the Spa, for the running races now given at the Saratoga race track are not quite up to the standard, and the pony races are sure to prove more attractive to society.

It is reported that Tenny, the popular little stallion who fought a number of desperate turf battles with the great Salvator a few years ago, is to be put into training again and raced next year. During the past season Tenny has been doing stud duty in Kentucky, but his legs are reported sound, and it is probable that he will stand a training. If he returns to the track he will receive a hearty welcome, for it is certain that there never was a more popular horse on the American turf than Dave Pulsifer's "little swayback."

The pony racing at Elkwood Park to-day will be held under the rules of the American Hunt and Pony Racing Association, the Elkwood Park Athletic Association having been made a member of that body. H.

HORSE RACING, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

IT is scarcely more than a decade since steeplechasing was at its zenith. A race meeting at Jerome Park, the old Monmouth track, or at Saratoga, would not have been thought complete if this feature were missing. It was in those days that the gentleman jockey was the hero of the hour, and to see him ride "between the flags" and over the jumps society turned out in full force, and in its gayest and prettiest costumes.



MRS. GIBBS, AS SEEN IN THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

True, the purses were not large, and there was a little risk, and sometimes a bad accident, but the victorious rider was sure of a bevy of smiles, and that was incentive enough for him to do and to dare. But during the past ten or fifteen years things have changed. The Rockaway Hunt is still in existence, but there are no more Grand National Steeple-

chases, nor minor races over the jumps. A new generation has sprung up, and although the love of racing horses still lives in the heart of young America, steeplechases are not to his liking, for the amount of money to be won is to his mind insufficient.

Twenty years ago racing was indulged in by the wealthy people of this section, not so much for the money that was to be gained as for the recreation and pleasure that it afforded. The purses and stakes that the horses contended for were small, and in many instances not more than sufficient to pay for a stable's "keep." Racing is not now considered so much the "sport of kings" as a means of acquiring wealth rapidly. Twenty years ago a stake valued at five thousand dollars would have attracted international attention, and the contestants would have been only the very best horses to be found in the country. To-day a stake of this value is so little thought of that not more than a few thousand would journey ten miles to see it. The purses and stakes have increased tenfold in value, for at least three races a year now are worth \$50,000 each. So money, the love of which is the "root of all evil," has been the millstone about the neck of steeplechasing.

Wealthy jockey clubs have sprung up; their officials are paid enormous salaries (some of them \$100 a day) for two hours' work, and racing has degenerated until at present it is almost a nuisance. Everywhere in the country, on the streets, in the trains and at the fire-side, talk of the turf is heard. Young America has taken it up, and it has caused him much trouble. Bankers, merchants and business men are fearful of their employees, for the evil of gambling on the races has taken such root in the hearts of the young men of this country that it is impossible to predict what the outcome will be.

The pure love of sport is almost gone, and to greed may be attributed the death of steeplechasing. The stockholders in the race-tracks saw that there were millions to be made by supplying purses and a place to run, and so that great racing trust called the Board of Control was formed. This body, which took upon itself the management of the race-tracks in the East, was aided by the Rockaway Steeplechase Association in securing suitable legislation, and, as a return, it crowded the steeplechasers to the wall. A list of dates was arranged, and the Rockaway Association was left without a date. The hardy little club fought valiantly for a time, but it was of no use, and gradually the meetings thinned out, until now they are given only on rare occasions, and then the attendance is only a few hundred. These meetings are given under the auspices of the American Hunt and Pony Racing Association, a body of resolute men who retain the love of racing purely for the sport there is in it. Already the work of this body is gaining recognition, for some of the Western race-tracks have given it dates. The Washington Park Association at Chicago has appended to its programme this season a few pony races, but as yet steeplechases have not been added. The first step has been gained, however, and old turfmen can see that in the near future the young tree will grow and force its way into the racing world, as the oak does

its roots into the hard soil. Then steeplechasing will rise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes, and we may expect to see races run for the sport of racing.

H.

YACHTING NOTES

IT is hardly probable that the cup defender, Pilgrim, will be enjoined from participation in the New York Yacht Club cruise on account of the fact that some members of the syndicate which owns her are not members of the club. The rule of the New York Yacht Club which prohibits the participation in its cruises or races of any boat not owned by a member, has outlived its usefulness, and while in the case of the Pilgrim the difficulty could easily be obviated by the members of the syndicate who are not in the New York Yacht Club transferring their interest in the boat, temporarily at least, to one of their fellow members who belongs to the club, the agitation of the matter may have the salutary effect of abrogating or modifying the antiquated rule at the next annual meeting.

Mr. Frederick Gallatin is fitting out his beautiful steam yacht Almy for a cruise to Labrador, Newfoundland, and possibly Greenland. It is surprising that more owners of steam yachts and, indeed, of sailing yachts, do not make the cruise to Newfoundland, at least in summer. They would find such a cruise filled with ceaseless delight. A bracing atmosphere, exquisite scenery and a quaint people with novel customs are the features of such a cruise. Harry Marquand, owner of the fine schooner Ruth, has, during several summers past, made trips to Labrador and along the coasts of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Newfoundland in the Ruth, and he never tires of describing the beauties and advantages of such a cruise. It is understood that Mr. Gallatin will take several of his family with him in his projected cruise on the Almy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt are greatly disappointed in the delayed completion of their new steam yacht, the Valiant. They had hoped that she would reach Newport early in August, but it is hardly probable now that she can be finished so as to reach here before the middle of September. Recent letters state that the furnishings and appointments of the Valiant are most sumptuous and beautiful, and she will be, without doubt, in every way, the finest and handsomest steam yacht ever launched.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor went from Newport to Bar Harbor a few days ago in the Nourmahal, and made the trip in less than twenty-four hours, which is remarkably good steaming for the Nourmahal. Mrs. Astor is delighted with the yacht and, unlike many yachtsmen's wives, is a good sailor, so that she is pleased to have Mr. Astor take to yachting. The late William Astor was not an enthusiastic yachtsman, and, although he was very proud of the Nourmahal, did not make much use of her except to cruise from port to port along Long Island Sound now and then in summer. He never used her in Florida or West Indian

waters, although he spent his winters in Jacksonville, and she is well adapted for the service.

It is now nearly three years since Jay Gould's superb steamer, the Atlanta, was offered for sale, and she has not as yet found a purchaser. This seems somewhat strange when the yacht's speed and equipments are considered.

The pretty little forty-six foot cutter, Jassica, which was sold last year by her owner, William MacDonough, of San Francisco, has been repurchased by his brother, Jos. MacDonough, and will probably take part in the New York cruise.

Richard Palmer, who now regrets that he sold the Marguerite, is cruising on the steam yacht Talisman, which he purchased soon after he sold the Marguerite. Mr. Palmer, who is one of the most devoted and enthusiastic of younger yachtsmen, and who is enamored of a sea life, is thinking of joining a naval vessel, and taking a two or three years' cruise.

The fine schooner Coronet will be in good shape for the New York cruise. Her owner, John D. Wing, and his sons, J. Morgan and Stewart Wing, take the greatest pride in their handsome boat and probably spend more time on the water than any other New York yachtsmen.

Wendell Goodwin and Frederick Swift are enjoying their summer on the Crusader, which they purchased last year. They have fitted up the handsome schooner sumptuously and will take part in the New York cruise.

The high-speed steam yacht Claymore, which Messrs. Charles L. Seabury & Co. have been building for the past few months for Mr. J. Kennedy Tod, was launched a few days ago. Among those present at the launching were Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy Tod, Mr. J. Frederic Tams, Mr. C. L. Seabury, designer and builder. Mrs. Tod broke the bottle of wine and christened the yacht. The Claymore is 80 feet long, 10 feet beam, 3 feet 6 inches draft. The keel and frames are of white oak. She is double-planked with clear yellow pine. The deck timbers are steel and the decks are of white pine. She is quite a rakish-looking craft. Her accommodations are such that comfort is not entirely sacrificed for speed.

The machinery consists of a Seabury triple expansion engine and a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler, of the bent tube type, allowing a working steam pressure of 275 pounds. Her speed is 19 miles per hour, but it is expected this will be increased. The Claymore will be used by Mr. Tod daily for going to and from his country home at Sound Beach, Conn.

DENTAL REVOLUTION

SHE: "How do you tell the age of a horse?"

HE: "By the teeth."

SHE: "Oh, yes; whether they are artificial."

Changes of address must be received at the office of Vogue on or before Tuesday of the week of publication, to take effect that week. Changes arriving later than Tuesday take effect the following week.